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The Trail

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Three Pictures

I am but one of the many who have brushed the hem of her garment and thereby received the gift of her sympathy. Three pictures of her stand out clearly. One was taken when as a new, timid student I attended my first dance. The excitement —the crowd, the lovely dresses—I felt very small and poor as I was passed down the line of hostesses. But her hand was so friendly—and later, when she said, "Now, my dear, sit down and tell me all about yourself," and I realized that she really wanted to know—from that moment I was part of the University. I always think of that sofa across the corner of the room as "Mrs. Tory's Throne." . . . . Another picture—one of the girls returning as a bride and Mrs. Tory hastening to welcome her. . . . . And again—a group of young people in her home, some of them yet streaked with grease paint, all of them just a little ill-at-ease, excited because they had done their best, because they were in the President's home. And Mrs. Tory, putting someone at the piano and herself leaving the room to let them find themselves.

For twenty years she has given just such tenderness, just such love, just such understanding. For twenty years, I think we have been more or less her children, and as her children we shall not forget her, because she has loved us. We are grown now, we are old enough to be left. But in many of our hearts there will remain the bewilderment felt by small children when they have been bereft of someone very dear to them.

—F. S. W.

THE SCHOOL'S OBLIGATION TO THE INDIVIDUAL CHILD

By M. E. Lazerte

Today when society may say to a parent, "Take notice that unless within five days from the receipt by you of this notice you cause your child to attend school, you will be liable to prosecution under The School Attendance Act," it is unquestionably true that society, represented in this instance by the school authorities, is under certain obligations to that parent and to his child. Since each individual ratepayer is denied the privileges, which in an earlier society he would have enjoyed with respect to the education of his own child, the school must be held strictly responsible for the type and measure of education that it provides. Organized education, as administered by the school, must be held responsible also for the expenditure of time, energy and money that makes possible the entire work of the school.

Up to the point where the school is doing only what the individual parent would have done if he were educating his own child, the school is faced with definite obligations. When the facilities of the school surpass those that the parent would be able to provide, the school is but taking advantage of compulsory education measures to extend certain opportunities and benefits to the child. To distinguish between obligations and opportunities one must know to what extent the school is interested in merely safeguarding the welfare of society and to what extent it is interested in educating the child for his own sake. Probably the interests of society as a whole can be advanced most surely by providing a maximum of training for each of its members. If we were discussing vocational and professional education in relation to public obligation we would find this a very debatable point. In this paper we shall consider some of the more-evident obligations which must be accepted by the school by reason of the fact that the interested parent is denied the right to educate his own child. Since the law prevents the non-attendance of a child, it must offer a valid substitute for that which it prevents, not non-attendance at its worst, but as it might be found under the most favorable circumstances.

There are certain very good reasons why children should be educated in groups. All children are much alike in their physical, mental and spiritual natures. They are going to live together in communities when school is ended, and they must learn to co-operate in team work. They must develop a social consciousness, and be guided by a rather common set of social, moral and religious standards and ideals. They will share many social responsibilities. The school must inculcate habits that harmonize with the social institutions that have resulted from the advance in culture. In a new and rapidly developing country, it is necessary that a sound basis for collective social and political thinking be laid during the school years. The educational system which we now have functions quite efficiently in these respects. When we turn later to consider some of the newer tendencies in educational administration, let us not lose sight of the fact that this is the case, for we must guard against an uncritical acceptance of innovations.

Society has not been unmindful of the fact that under our system of compulsory education there are certain obligations that must be accepted by the school. The physical well-being of the children is one of the first considerations of the school. Suitable buildings are provided for their comfort; precautions are taken to guard against disease; and efforts are made to conserve and even improve the health of all. If the school has failed in these matters, it is because it has sometimes fixed attention too exclusively upon the imme-

diate needs. We are abandoning the notion that by calisthenics, physical exercises and athletics, we must build up a body of large muscles, and we are learning that most of our health problems have little to do with athletics. Children are being taught and practised in correct habits of living. Good digestion good circulation, and a nervous system free from fatigue, are more important than athletics. Nervous breakdowns do not come if the body is functioning properly. Students do not suffer from brain fag because they overwork their brains. Appendicitis is not necessarily an unavoidable ill. In each of these instances there has been a violation of a natural law. What to eat, when to sleep and rest, how to live—these are facts that children must know and apply. The child who profits by the school's health programme is not the one who clears the hurdles on the athletic field, nor the one who memorizes the facts that secure a pass on an examination in physiology and hygiene, but rather he who has fixed correct habits of living, sees the relation between sound health and an active mind, and has acquired a few ideals concerning physical fitness that will direct his living when school days are over.

The school has met its obligations in many other respects. It insists that the teachers who instruct the children must know something about the technique of child training. Sometimes one hears complaints that as teachers we know more about teaching subject-matter than about teaching children and that our technique of child training is not highly developed; but, whatever the shortcomings may be occasionally, we may say with assurance that the average certificated teacher knows far more about the subject than does the average parent whose right we are considering.

We cannot stop to enumerate the several ways in which many of the school's more-apparent obligations to the pupils are being met creditably. We wish to pass on to consider some less favorable aspects of the case.

Due to the nature of our administration, the school is forced to thrust upon the child a rather artificial life as a substitute for the natural life which he leads before entering school. The school takes the child from a world of action and exploration, and places him at a school desk, gives him about six square feet of floor space as a sort of homestead and asks him to hold it in silence for a period of eight or more years. Just what does this imply? We substitute passive inactivity for active exploration; instead of learning by doing we insert learning by listening; and instead of a world of concrete realities, we introduce a world of abstract symbols. Certain unfortunate results follow. At home the child had an opportunity to talk and he took advantage of it to the full (if he had used more discretion he might have remained at home a little longer); at school he has little opportunity to practise oral language. There are only three hundred minutes in a school day, and if the pupils were to use one-quarter of them for participation in the recitations (and they do not use more), they would be talking two minutes each per day. There are ways and means of overcoming some of this deathly silence, but we are afraid to give the child any freedom. We said that a world of symbols had been introduced. Spoken word symbols, written language symbols and number symbols are all presented almost as soon as the child enters the school door. Too frequently we lose sight of the abstract character of these symbols and the child is left behind in a world of unreality. Into what troubles the artificial manipulation of symbols leads the pupils! In his dramatizations and oral compositions he parrots the words of the book, in his geography he memorizes meaningless facts and definitions, while in arithmetic he practises the art of the medicine man, having learned the magic use of formulae in the mixing of countless solutions. These difficulties are very real and serious, in fact they are probably the most serious of any that are inherent in our present system of instruction. They deserve more attention than

we are to give them in this discussion. To cope with them would be to change both the content and the methodology of our instruction.

We too easily forget the fact that the child grows through his own activity and not by listening to instruction. The handling of objects is not a device in education, it is a method. Even the child's speech development is dependent upon his contact with things. On every occasion possible, the teacher should appeal to the self-activity of the child. We admit the truth of this and yet we continue to violate the principle every day. The President of the Board of Education recently stressed this same fact in his annual report, adding as follows, "A teacher's reasoning or arguments will soon fade from a pupil's mind, and the child in whose mind half-comprehended words have taken the place of tangible things grows up only too easily a man greedy of phrases and impatient of facts." The truth of the matter is that as teachers we are active enough, but our pupils are sitting at attention. School activities lack meaning and significance for the child. He gets symbols without understanding them and without knowing how to apply them. The remedy would appear to be to attempt less and to let the child learn by doing. This could be done with a saving of time in the long run. If our school work were on an experimental and individual basis, I do not believe a child could live through eight years of it and know as little as he now does when he passes the grade eight examination. This is opinion, but it would be well worth whole to try out such a scheme and see what the results would be.

Editor's Note: The foregoing article will be concluded in the next issue of "The Trail."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By R. K. Gordon.

I had better begin with some sort of definition. By children's books in this paper I mean books in verse and prose written for the delight of children—as novels and poems are written for grown-up people—books such as *Alice in Wonderland*, Ballantyne's *Coral Island*, and so on. Of course some of the books which have given most pleasure to several generations of young readers were not originally children's books at all. *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Arabian Nights*, have been more or less taken possession of by the nursery, but to begin with they were meant for men and women. With these, therefore, I am not specially concerned, nor with books written which merely aim at giving information — history books, geography books, or the great book of knowledge in which the earnest child can learn how locomotives work, how long it takes to reach the sun in an aeroplane, and how he should and how he should not hold a mid-iron.

Children's Books in this limited sense of the term have not had a very long history. Before the 18th century there is next to nothing which comes within our definition.

In the middle ages men wrote romances, but not for children. Almost the only medieval children's books—apart from school books — were those intended to teach manners—Courtesy Books as they are called. Behaviour at table is one of their favorite topics, and few parents of today will find much that is changed in the old rules and prohibitions. A 15th Century Courtesy Book tells its young readers not to fight, or stare, or scratch themselves, or eat with unwashed hands, or sup broth noisily, or pick their teeth till they have finished eating.

"In the one side of thy mouth eat thou
thy meat

That both thy cheeks be not full at once.
When meat is in thy mouth, laugh thou right nought,
Nor speak thou to no man in such time,
For dread that thy meat out of thy mouth be brought,
And leap on thy dish with ale or with wine.

Here and there in these books one may find reason for thinking that manners have a little improved, and that five centuries of nagging by fathers and mothers have not been wholly futile.

When thou sittest at the table—this is courtesy—
Over thy table look thou not spit,
Lest it fall on meat that stands thee by,
For that is a churl's deed—whoso doth it.

But these books of good manners are not children's books in the sense in which we are using the term. The medieval boy or girl depended far less on books for amusement than modern youngsters do, and no doubt made up for his own lack of story books by listening to his elders as they read and told tales.

To the puritans the social graces and well-bred accomplishments to which these old books of manners attached value were things of small account. Their concern, when they wrote for children, was to place the young pilgrim's feet on the road that leads from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Had not St. Paul written to Timothy: "Refuse profane and old wives' fables and exercise thyself rather unto godliness." In their opinion those words condemned light literature. The puritan point of view can be seen in the case of Richard Baxter, who wrote an account of his boyhood in which he gave a list of his youthful sins. This is one of his confessions: "I was extremely bewitched with a love of romances, fables, and old tales, which corrupted my affections and lost my time."

Most of the puritan books are grim enough. They deal largely in stories of martyred Saints, and call upon young people to remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

It is one of the ironies of literary history that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*—one of the stories of Puritan literature—has the glamour and appeal of romance for children (and for all proper grown up people too) partly because its author in his unregenerate days had read the popular romantic tales of the time.

As was said at the beginning, children's books are hardly to be found earlier than the 18th Century. And even in the 18th century the idea of producing books, merely to give the child pleasure and feed his imagination, was by no means accepted. The question was debated vigorously on into the 19th century. There were some champions of fairly tales and romances, who were content to stir a child's sense of wonder with brave marvels and strange adventures, but, on the whole, these friends of the young were in the minority. Mose people felt that instruction should be mixed with pleasure—that children's books should be useful. By "useful" was meant that the child should learn things which should stand him in good stead when he came to be a man. The men and women of the 18th century had plenty of entertaining literature—*Beggar's Opera* and *Tom Jones* and other good things which did not always make for righteousness—but they were ungenerous to boys and girls. On the side of those who believed in mixing the useful and the pleasant was the authority of the great John Locke.

In *Some Thoughts Concerning Education* (1693) Locke says:

"When . . . he begins to read, some easy pleasant book, suited to his capacity, should be put into his hands, wherein the entertainment that he finds might draw him and reward his pains in reading, and yet not such as should fill his head with perfectly useless trumpery or lay the principles of vice and folly. To this purpose, I think *Aesop's Fables* the best which, being stories apt to delight and entertain a child, may yet afford useful reflections to a grown man—*Reynard the Fox* is another book I think may be made use of

for the same purpose. . . . What other books there are in English of the kind of those above mentioned, fit to engage the delight of children and tempt them to read, I do not know."

Aesop's fables are recommended, you notice, because they may "afford useful reflections to the grown man." Any charm of the stories is regarded much as sugar coating to the pill. The thing that matters is to start the child a-thinking; to make a little man of him; to prevent him idling his time away in dreams and fairyland.

Sometimes—not often of course—it is given to the mere man of letters to see more clearly than the philosopher. There is some good criticism of Locke's point of view in a charming essay by Richard Steele, written a few years later, in which he describes a visit to his godson. Steele. who never altogether grew up, understands better than Locke does how the child's imagination works. The boy objects to *Aesop's Fables* on the ground that they are not true. Of course what troubles him is not that the animals talk, that does not bother a child. It is enough to remember Kipling's *Jungle Books* to be sure of that. What the boy felt was that the stories were not what they pretended to be. He felt that the author had a design upon him. Anybody who has tried to make medicine seem attractive to a child knows how quickly he sees through adult artifices. Steele's godson somehow knew that the stories were not innocent tales written for his delight: there was something tricky about them. The boy sniffed suspiciously, like an animal investigating a trap. He smelt man, and he did not like it. Steele, in his unpretentious way, makes another good point. He remarks that the boy by reading romances had "had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue and horror," and he knows that this insensible moulding is the best kind.

The most famous publisher of children's books in the 18th century was John Newberry. Goldsmith wrote for him and put him into the Vicar of Wakefield. When the Vicar is ill at a roadside alehouse he is befriended by a traveller. "This person," says Goldsmith, "was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's churchyard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend, but he was the friend of all mankind." Sometimes Newberry speaks like a disciple of Locke, but he is generally free from pedantry: "Would you have a virtuous son, instil into him the principles of morality early—would you have a wise son, teach him to reason early, let him read and make him understand what he reads. No sentence should be passed over without a strict examination of the truth of it—subdue your children's passions, curb their temper and make them subservient to the Rules of Reason; and this is not to be done by chiding, whipping or severe treatment, but by reasoning and mild discipline."

This is rather austere, but, after all, this was only a prefatory letter addressed to parents and guardians. When he writes for childden, while not forgetting morality and instruction, he is friendly and playful.

To a Frenchman—Charles Perrault—18th century children in England owed their introduction to *Cinderella*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Red Riding Hood*, *Puss in Boots*, and other stories. These were translated into English in 1729 from Perrault's French, and have become such familiar inmates of our nurseries that we never think of them as foreigners.

But Perrault, for all his charm, did not drive out the moralist and school teacher —either in his own country or in England. Romance had to fight for existence. The story of Cinderella, for instance, was condemned by one stern moralist because it encouraged envy, jealousy, vanity and other evil passions in children. This way of looking at things has not altogether disappeared. The editor of a recent series of books for children tells us "books which in spite of their literary quality, are morally unsound, should be tabooed. Such a story is *Puss in Boots*." After pointing out the disgracefully loose morals of the cat and his master she goes on: "The great need of the world today is

for higher, more accurate and clearly defined ideals and a far more consecrated determination (whatever that may be) to make a beginning at least of putting these ideals into operation in all the varied activities of human life, from the least to the greatest. And I cannot too forcefully insist on the fact that we are utterly blind and unthinking if we continue to grind into our children's thoughts the twisted ethics of all too many among the stories that are offered him." I am afraid we have been rather too easy-going in the past. Getting rid of *Puss in Boots* is, as Mrs. Miller says, only a beginning. If we persist in this work of reform, it should be possible to get rid of most of the old tales, and to give the children of the future a chance to grow up clean and unstained. The story of Hans and Gretel, as of course you all remember, has a wicked stepmother in it. Mrs. Miller, in editing this story for children, has replaced the stepmother by a witch, in order that her readers would not grow up with an unjust and deeply rooted prejudice against a well-deserving and honorable class. Finally, at the end of her series of books, she has added what she calls an ethical theme index. A moment's reflection will show you the value of this. You notice that your son is given to boasting. You turn to boasting in the index and are referred to stories in the earlier volumes which exhibit the painful results of this vice.

Rousseau's famous book *Emile* (1762) (translated into English 1763) left a mark on sane children's books. Not that Rousseau believed in books for young children. "Reading is the curse of childhood," he says in *Emile*. . . . "I hate books, they only teach people to talk about things they don't know." Emile—the boy who is the victim of Rousseau's moral system of education, is allowed only one book—Robinson Crusoe. Rousseau chooses this not because it appeals to the child's sense of romance, nor because it has literary merit; he chooses it so that Emile, by contemplating Robinson alone and self-dependent on his island, may learn self-reliance and freedom from the conventions and prejudices of society.

There are some wholesome things in Rousseau's books. One of them is his distrust of direct moral precepts—Emile is taught not by verbal lessons, but by experience—another is his insistence that a child is a child and not a small man.

One of Rousseau's English—or to be exact, Irish disciples—was Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who brought up his children according to the Frenchman's principles. His eldest child, Maria—the novelist and the friend of Sir Walter Scott—co-operated with her father, when she grew up, in his educational schemes. She is one of the best writers for children in the early 19th century. It is always clear that the story exists for the sake of the moral, but it is equally clear that Miss Edgeworth has a sense of humor and of drama. The stories have a logic as relentless as that of mathematical demonstration. Thoughtless or selfish acts have always a long string of inevitable consequences.

Her good boys and girls are, however, attractive and convincing enough.

The moral purpose appears plainly in the preface which her father wrote for one of her books, *The Parents' Assistant*. In it he takes issue with Dr. Johnson, who has said: "Babies do not like to hear stories of babies like themselves; they require to have their imagination raised by tales of giants and fairies and castles and enchantments." "Why," retorts Edgeworth, "should the mind be filled with fantastic visions instead of useful knowledge? Why should so much valuable time be lost? Why should we vitiate their tastes and spoil their appetite by suffering them to feed upon sweetmeats? It is to be hoped that the magic of Dr. Johnson's name will not have the power to restore the reign of fairies."

Edgeworth and his daughter tried not only to give sound moral instruction in their stories for children, but also useful lessons in elementary science. In a mild, schoolmastery way they catered to the same taste which in the next generation was satisfied by Jules Verne.

The moralists had been busy in verse as well as prose for the edification of chil-

dren. One of the earliest of these singers is Isaac Watts, who in 1715 put out *Divine Songs Attempted in Easy Language for the Use of the Children.* "Verse," says Watt in his preface, "was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since." He thinks that children may be brought to regard it as a privilege to be allowed to learn these divine songs—and that the rhymes may serve to ward off temptation and to incline to duty.

O God our help in Ages past and *When I Survey the Wondrous Cross* are sufficient evidence that Watts could do well in poetry, but there is not much that can be called poetry in his songs for children.

Some of the songs are as well known as almost any rhymes in the language. No doubt there are still parents who quote them against their children:

"How doth the little busy bee,"

or

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"

or

"Whatever brawls disturb the shell,
There should be peace at home."

There is no attempt in the songs to see through the child's eye. If the words are often those of a child, the thoughts are almost invariably those of a stern grown up. Conceive the delight of the young and tender reader when he is given the privilege of learning by heart:

"There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come,
A thousand children young as I
Are called by death to hear their doom."

or

"Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepared for younger days
Or fit for early death."

And what doom may be is made terribly plain again and again.

"There is a dreadful Hell
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire and chains."

or

"'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell,
One stroke of his Almighty rod,
Shall send young children quick to hell."

This belief in Hell is, indeed, one of the blessings conferred only upon Christian children:

"How do I pity those that dwell,
Where Ignorance and Darkness reign
They know no Heaven, they fear no Hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains."

In one of the songs the child utters "praise for birth and education in a Christian Land."

"'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold,
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold."

Watts knows the danger of childish vanities. Pride in clothes is faithfully dealt with.

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learned to sin.
How proud we are! How fond to show
Our clothes and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore,
That very clothing long before.

In spite of Eve and the silkworm, I fancy the ordinary 18th century child took as much pride in new clothes as Mr. Milne's Christopher Robin:

"I've got shoes with grown-up laces,
I've got knickers and a pair of braces,
I'm all ready to run some races,
Who's coming out with me?"

There is more difference between Mr. Milne and Isaac Walts than between Christopher Robin and the boys of two centuries ago.

Ann and Jane Taylor about a hundred years later took a hint from Watts' songs and wrote books of rhymes for children. The spirit of them is much gentler.

Jane Taylor tells us the mood in which she composed her verses: "I try," she said, "to conjure some child into my presence, address her suitably, as well as I am able, and when I begin to flag, I say to her, 'There, love, now you may go.'"

Of the children's books of the last hundred years I can only speak in general. They are without number, and every year sees the flood increase. Like the oysters in "The Walrus and the Carpenter,"

"And thick and fast they came at last,
And more and more and more,"

and of all sorts. Books of nonsense have no longer to apologize for their existence. Nonsense writing did not, of course, begin in the 19th century. More than 500 years ago some cheery soul wrote a poem called the *Land of Cockayne*—a land of gluttony and idleness, where the walls of monasteries are made of pasties and the pinnacles of fat puddings—but this was a satire of lazy monks, not a book for children.

Miss Edgeworth and her father did not exclude nonsense from all their pages:

"So she went into the Garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she-bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died and she very imprudently married the barber, and there were present the Pickinnies and the Toblillies and the Gargulies and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button a top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

But she valued nonsense passages of this sort partly as a test of memory, and is always careful to keep them sharply distinguished from the sensible part of her book. In speaking of nonsense books we must salute two names above all others: Lewis Carrol, who proved—if proof were needed—that one may be a mathematician and yet not be wholly sensible, and Edward Lear, who wrote scores of limericks and *The Pelican Chorus*.

But nonsense books are only one of many kinds of entertainment which have been advised for children. School stories began about a hundred years ago, and each year now brings its crop of them; Grimm and Hans Anderson and a host of others have provided fairy tales. Then there are the writers of adventure stories headed by H. A. Henty, the incorrigible old scribbler. What a godsend the war would have been to him! "With Allenby to Jerusalem," "With Lawrence to Damascus," and so on. Certainly an Englishman of a couple of centuries ago would be amazed at the display of children's books even in an Edmonton book shop.

This abundance has, I suppose, some disadvantages. There are mountains of trash of different kinds—sugary sentimental verses about fairies, unworthy versions of the great stories of the past and so on. But on the whole the child of today is well off. For the most part, the moralist and the school teacher do not thrust themselves into books where they have no business. We have less faith in preaching and exhortation, and are generally content if books widen a child's sympathies and people his imagination with the things of romance.

THE BORSTAL SYSTEM

By A. B. Harvey.

A new departure in the treatment of young offenders was introduced in England in 1908, by what is known as the Prevention of Crime Act. This Act is divided into two parts, of which only the first is important for our present purpose. This part is headed "Reformation of Young Offenders," and the first section, which provides for what is known as the Borstal system, reads as follows:

"1—(1) Where a person is convicted on indictment of an offence for which he is liable to be sentenced to penal servitude or imprisonment, and it appears to the court—

(a) that the person is not less than sixteen nor more than twenty-one years of age; and

(b) that, by reason of his criminal habits or tendencies, or association with persons of bad character, it is expedient that he should be subject to detention for such term and under such instruction and discipline as appears most conducive to his reformation and the repression of crime:

It shall be lawful for the court, in lieu of passing a sentence of penal servitude or imprisonment, to pass a sentence of detention under penal discipline in a Borstal Institution for a term of not less than one year nor more than three years."

Section 3 of the Act gives power to the Secretary of State, which in practice means the Prison Commissioners, to transfer to a Borstal Institution an offender of this class who is already in prison, and Section 4 authorizes the establishment of such Institutions as are necessary for the due carrying out of the provisions of the Act.

Before proceeding to an examination of the nature of the treatment at these Institution, one or two points should be noticed. In the first pace, the sentence which may now be imposed is either two or three years, and for reasons which will later become apparent, officials conversant with the system and its workings are endeavouring to eliminate all but the three years' sentence. More will be said of this later. Secondly, and much more important, it should be observed that the Borstal system is not ordinarily for first offenders. It is only where it appears "that, by reason of his criminal habits or tendencies, or association with persons of bad character," he should be sent to such an Institution, that the Act is applied. The result of this provision is that in normal cases a boy is not sent to Borstal until other means have been tried and have failed. It is therefore essential to a proper understanding of the system that some explanation should be given of the other means of treatment applied.

Speaking generally, first offenders are either discharged with a reprimand, or placed on probation. In this respect, the law is much the same as in Canada. But there is this important difference. Because probation fails the first time, it does not necessarily follow that it cannot be a success with that offender. The courts have, and exercise, a much greater discretion in the matter of probation for young offenders than is possible here. Probation frequently fails three or four times, and finally succeeds. It is realized that every effort should be made to avoid confining these youths, and that the treatment here provided is to be used only as a last resort.

In pursuance of the Act quoted, four Institutions had been established by the summer of 1927, and it was my privilege to spend some time in two of them. There is one Institution for girls, and three for boys. The latter are very carefully arranged. The original Institution is near Rochester, in Kent, and there the ordinary run of offenders are sent. At Feltham, about 20 miles from London, is an Institution which, curiously enough, receives both the boys of superior mental equipment, and those who are mentally and physically subnormal—the former because of the greater educational facilities

there, and the latter, because this is the only one of the Institutions which has a resident physician. The third Institution, being the remodelled convict prison at Portland, receives the most serious types of offenders—those boys who are almost recidivists.

The most important feature of the Borstal training is of course the vocational education which the boys receive. Each Institution has admirably equipped workshops, and every boy on arrival is classified, and his work chosen with a view to training him for that employment which will be most congenial and suitable in after life. There is in addition a farm for those boys who are likely to spend their lives in agriculture. Each boy spends a full eight-hour day at work of some kind, with the result that when he leaves the Institution he is able to take his place as a "beginner" in a trade, thus earning fair wages immediately.

In addition, an effort is made at education of a more general sort. Classes are held in the evening, and for those boys whose mental equipment warrants it, some "book teaching" is provided. With the average boy, these evening classes are rather in handicrafts of various kinds. The library is also an important feature of each Borstal Institution.

The Institutions are organized more or less along the lines of the English public school. Each is divided into Houses, and every boy wears his House colours at all times. Games are played between the various Houses, culminating, at the end of a season, in games between different Institutions. Within the Houses, the boys are divided into sections, and every effort is made to encourage and develop a sense of group loyalty, so that the boy will always think of himself as a unit in some larger body.

Each House is controlled by a Housemaster, who has generally an assistant. In the position and work of these Housemasters is found one of the most important features of the Borstal system. The men appointed to these positions are more and more frequently graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, men of high ideals, who take an interest in boys, and do their utmost to develop in them the right attitude towards life. Every boy is encouraged to make a confidant of his Housemaster; and to go to him to discuss any problem which may enter his head. The Houses are at present too large to provide the best possible results from this system. The officials realize this fact, and a new Institution will very probably be established in the near future to relieve this congestion.

Under the Housemaster, discipline and management are very largely controlled by the boys themselves. The prefect or monitor system, so characteristic of the public schools, is here highly developed, and the boys thus acquire a sense of responsibility which is most valuable to them later.

The boys are divided into a series of grades, each with certain distinctive privileges, promotion from one to the other being for good conduct. The highest of these is what is known as the "Special Grade," the distinctive mark of which is blue clothing in place of the ordinary brown. A "Blue," as he is called, is trusted very largely to look after himself. If, as frequently happens, he is sent outside the Institution in the evenings, he is sent alone, dressed in ordinary clothes. The prefects or monitors are all chosen from this class.

Remission is earned by good conduct in all normal cases. The ordinary three-year boy who behaves himself and shows himself worthy of confidence, reaches the "Special Grade" at the end of about eighteen months, and a full year's remission can be earned by the three-year boy. As it takes a full two years to complete the grades, remission is not generally granted in the case of two-year boys. It is largely for this reason that the authorities are discouraging anything but the three-year sentence. A boy who knows that no amount of good conduct is likely to earn him any remission has no incentive to make any particular effort. On the other hand, the three-year boy whose conduct is good will get out in two years. Those who are familiar with the system and its workings feel that nothing less

than two years is enough to produce the best results.

An indispensable feature of the Borstal system is the after-care. When boys are discharged, they are placed on licence for the unexpired portion of their sentence, plus one year. During this time they are under the supervision of the Borstal Association, a voluntary organization with headquarters in London, and Associates throughout the country. It is supported partly by voluntary contributions, and partly by government grants. On discharge, the boy generally reports to the London office, and is by it assigned to an Associate in the district to which he is going. He is required to report to this Associate throughout the term of his licence, and the Associate exercises a great influence on him. He finds employment for the lad, and does everything possible to place him in suitable surroundings. The success of this part of the system is shown by the fact that many boys continue to correspond with the Associate long after the period of their licence has expired.

There are of course failures in this system. If boys fail to report, or to observe the conditions of their licence, the licence is revoked, and they are again confined, not this time in an ordinary Borstal Institution, but in the boys' wing of the ordinary prison at Wormwood Scrubs. In every case of a revoked licence, the circumstances are investigated by a special committee on which both the Prison Commissioners and the Borstal Association are represented. This committee endeavours to find the reason for the failure, which is sometimes in the boy himself, sometimes in the choice of the Associate to whom he has been sent, and sometimes in other causes. The committee also has power to determine the length of the additional imprisonment to which the boy is to be subjected.

And what are the results of this system, speaking generally? A Departmental Committee, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, has recently made a very full investigation of the whole problem of the treatment of young offenders. When they come to a consideration of the Borstal System in their report, they of course criticize details, but their verdict on the general working of the system is summed up as follows:

"Out of 6,140 lads discharged from the Borstal Institutions since their establishment in 1910, 2,149, or 35 per cent., were known to have come in conflict with the law again, while 3,991, or 65 per cent., had been satisfactory while under supervision by the Borstal Association, and had not since been reconvicted. During the same period 836 girls had been discharged, 287 of whom, or 34 per cent., were known to have been reconvicted, but 549, or 66 per cent., had been satisfactory while under supervision, and had not since, so far as was known, been reconvicted. We are informed, too, by the Borstal Association that their experience has shown that even of those who fail a substantial number are reconvicted once only, usually a short time after their discharge, and remain steady after this one lapse. The first plunge into freedom has been too much, but one further lesson suffices. If these are added to the 65 per cent., who are not reconvicted at all, it is, in the Association's opinion, correct to say that the training is really successful not with 65 per cent., but with about 75 per cent. of all the lads handled. When we remember that most of them would in former times have become persistent law-breakers and gaol-birds, we think the system has fully justified itself by its success."

Two things should be borne in mind in connection with this report. In the first place, these are the words, not of advocates of the system, but of an impartial body of eminent men and women, directed to study the question and to report on it to His Majesty's Government. In the second place, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the boys with whose treatment we are here concerned are not youths who have made only a first slip, and hence are in no great danger of becoming criminals, but boys who have been previously convicted, and who would, but for this treatment, almost undoubtedly have become confirmed criminals.

The Borstal system and its success are striking evidence of the fact that reclamation of young offenders is possible if a

sane system is adopted. The fundamental facts on which this system is based appear to be, first, that imprisonment in the ordinary sense should not be resorted to for young persons of unformed character; secondly, that vocational training is all-important; and third, that personal contact with men whom the boys con respect and emulate, who have fine and high ideals, and who can encourage the boys without becoming sentimental, is of untold value in such cases.

JIM

By H. R. Leaver

I have known Jim for fifteen years during which time he has been working in a Hospital Laboratory. He receives from the Operating Room the appendices, the tonsils, the tumors, the diseased kidneys, and all the abnormal, pus-forming, and vestigial parts of the human frame, which, at some time or other, compel the subject to put himself under the surgeon's knife. Jim preserves these in spirits, catalogues them, compares and contrasts them with similar remnants, and grades them according to their harmful qualities and their death-dealing tendencies.

Needless to say, Jim is losing interest in healthy Man. He is slowly coming to regard him as a possible subject for the operating table, and is concerned more with his defects than with his normal function. In assemblies, he mentally divides the fit from the unfit, and allows his mind to conjecture and brood upon the possible internal parts which may find entrance to his laboratory and to his spirit jar. No matter what audience he encounters, the tendency of his mind is to pasture upon ailment and malady, and to associate the sunken cheek and the liverish eye with the labelled bottle on his shelves. I have seen him at an afternoon society function, fasten his attention upon a middle-aged lady for no other purpose than to elicit by sympathetic questioning her catalogue of fears and doubts concerning the cancer or the tumor which, by heredity, she expects to appear shortly.

Jim has no hobby, nor does he indulge in sport of any kind. He has therefore no corrective for his morbid tendency. During conversation, he has his eye focussed upon your midriff, as though it were on a quest of discovery. Between sentences his mouth twitches, and he snaps his words in a way not unlike the action of a cat's jaws when the animal is watching a bird on a distant tree. He holds his hands about the middle of your body, with palms facing, and fingers gracefully bent as though he were focussing a high-power microscope. His language is surgically figurative, and his smile is a mere variation from scapel-edged lips to the open tweezer formation.

Jim has very few friends, but yet I would not call him lonely. Some years ago he became engaged, but his fiancée rejected his attentions when he requested her to cease taking thyroid extract, because he hadn't a good specimen of goitre. His companionship, though limited socially, is nevertheless thoroughly employed. His universe is peopled with personified human parts. With these he holds a statistical fellowship. Of other intercourse he has no need, for he does not understand that totality of function which, in its social divergence makes for individuality. To him men are but structures of intricate mechanism and infinite function; mere assemblages of parts whose peculiar attributes are disease and decay.

I never understood why Jim was so persistent in seeking my company, till one night, when I was in the throes of a severe influenza cold, he asked me if any surgeon had mentioned the purchase of my head. Such casual and callous behavior was too much for me, and we parted.

PETER POND, THE FIRST CITIZEN OF ALBERTA

By N. C. Pitcher.

My preface or introduction to the first citizen of Alberta concerns the rise of the fur trading organizations in Canada. My hero is a gentleman adventurer who was connected with this fur trade in the latter half of the 18th century, particularly in that district which is now the Province of Alberta.

The preface is really longer than the story, but must be given that the story may be understood.

The earliest organized fur trade in Canada was developed by the Portugese who, soon after Cartier had discovered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, came to Newfoundland to fish, and gradually, year by year, extended their operations up the Gulf. Some of these fishermen discovered that trading goods with Indians was far more lucrative and less arduous work than was fishing, and they gradually developed a fur trade of some proportions. But records of this period are fragmentary and not of great interest to us.

When Champlain in 1613 explored the Ottawa river, he crossed over to Lake Nipissing and down to Georgian Bay, returning by the Great Lakes. This opened a new route and ground for the founding of fur-trading establishments, which in the hands of the French developed into a very important industry—the most important industry in the New World.

Western discovery following Champlain was carried on by Nicolet into Lake Michigan and Green Bay, Nicolet following the Fox River to the height of land separating the St. Lawrence basin from that of the Mississippi. Raddison and Chouard followed Nicolet and reached the Mississippi. They, again, were followed by Joliet and Marquette down the Mississippi, and finally, La Salle, who traced the Mississippi to its mouth in 1682.

A short period here intervenes of no important discoveries, but during which the discoveries already made were consolidated by the founding of important military and fur trading posts along these routes.

Then followed perhaps the most wonderful chapter in the history of discovery in the interior of North America, the chapter of La Verendrye.

In 1713 La Verendrye started his western explorations and from this time on established fur trading posts from Lake Superior westward through Lake of the Woods, Winnipeg river, Lake Winnipeg, Cedar Lake and the Saskatchewan, on which river he founded, in 1750, his furthermost post situated just below the forks of the North and South Saskatchewan.

Among the Frenchmen I have mentioned who were the early fur traders of the west were Raddison and Chouard. These two Frenchmen from Three Rivers made four expeditions into the far West, the third and possibly the fourth expedition to the Lake Superior district, though perhaps the fourth was North to Hudson's Bay. They thus acquired knowledge of the great possibilities of the fur trade of Hudson's Bay and the surrounding country. Unjustly treated, so they thought, by the authorities in Quebec, and after an unsuccessful appeal to the King of France, they turned their faces to England for backing in another trading adventure, which lead to the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670.

The Hudson's Bay Company became firmly entrenched on the shores of this Northern bay and developed a very large trade in furs.

Thus was the fur trade of Western Canada developed: by the French along the southern route and by the English, who rested on the shores of Hudson's Bay; by the French who went to the Indians for their furs; and by the English who

sat down on the shores of the bay and waited for the Indians to come to them with their furs, for one long century slumbering as far as exploration was concerned.

The last stage of the British conquest of Canada had drawn a large number of the French fur traders and many of their Indian allies from the west to the defence of Niagara and Montreal. France having ceded Canada to Great Britain in 1763, the St. Lawrence fur trade remained dormant, till individual Scottish merchants from the city of Montreal started lone trading. Following the route opened by the French, they made Michellemackinac their headquarters and extended their enterprise west from this point, till in 1772 James Frobisher established a depot at Cumberland Lake on the North Saskatchewan and went north to the Churchill river to intercept the Indians on their way to the Bay.

Frobisher's example was followed by other traders, till Cumberland House, as it was called, became a rendezvous for these independent traders. The trade seems to have been carried out with some sort of a loose co-operation between them until in the spring of 1178, several of these independents met at Cumberland House and, finding that some of them had surplus goods, pooled their resources, sending one to Lake Athabasca, some north-east and one one west, up the Saskatchewan, to intercept the Indians on their way to Hudson's Bay with furs.

Competition with the Hudson's Bay, and attacks by Indians soon convinced these traders that a more united front was necessary, and in 1783 all gentlemen's agreements were thrown to the winds and a close partnership was formed. This was the origin of the North West Fur Trading Company, a company formed by men of adventure, spirit and resource. These hardy wolves of the west were destined in a few years, without the advantage of special privilege, charter or patronage from the Crown, to challenge the authority and supremacy of their all-powerful rival, The Hudson's Bay Company, and that so successfully as to have their rival sue for peace and effect an amalgamation in which the North Westers were the dominant leaders.

Of the small company of four fur traders who had pooled their goods on the shores of Cumberland Lake, Peter Pond was the partner who elected to go north, and was to become the first citizen of Alberta.

Up to a few years ago but little was known of the early history of Peter Pond. but the lucky finding of a manuscript diary kept by him has given us an insight into his goings and comings from his youth till about the time he helped in the formation of the North West Company. Unfortunately that part of his diary dealing with his life in Western Canada has been destroyed, having been used as waste paper by some one who did not recognize its historical value. From this manuscript we are able to state that he was born in Milford, Conn., in 1740. and as all persons living in New England colonies were called Bostonians, we find Pond called a Bostonian.

Part of Braddock's defeated army came to Milford in 1756 and he enlisted with them and fought for the British through most of the campaign for the conquest of Canada, and was with Amherst at the surrender of Montreal, when, he naively remarks, "All Canady subdued, I thought there was no busnes left for me and turned my atenshun otherwhers."

From 1764 till 1770 we find him engaged in the fur trade between Detroit and Montreal, and later pushing further West to Michellemackinac, and in 1773, having been staked by James McGill (the founder of McGill University), he changed his grounds to Green Bay on Lake Michigan. Here his Journal ends, but from other documents we find that in 1775 he is at Cumberland House on the North Saskatchewan river and trading in this district till 1778, when he and three others pooled their goods and practically founded the North West Fur Trading Company.

Having elected to go into the Lake Athabasca country he left Cumberland House with his trade goods, struck north

and east till he reached the upper waters of the Clearwater river, followed this river down to the Athabasca and down the Athabasca to a point 40 miles above its mouth, the present Ft. Chipewayan, where he founded a trade post, and cultivated a garden. This is the earliest record we have of agricultural settlement in the new Province of Alberta, and I have no doubt he here formed the first U.F.A. local and joined the Wheat Pool.

Pond was a man of violent temper and in a few years, having two murders to his credit in this district, he retired to the United States, having sold his shares in the North West Company. McKenzie says, "He thought himself quite a philosopher and was odd in his manners."

But unfortunately for Canada, this was not the last we hear of Pond. David Thompson, in his Memoirs, says regarding the settlement of the boundary line between the U.S. and Canada: "Among the traders who made their way from Montreal into the fur countries was a certain Peter Pond, a native of Boston. Pond was a man of violent and unprincipled character. He had penetrated to Lake Athabasca, the first white man to do so. There he disputed the fur trade with a certain John Ross, who followed him into the country in the interests of a rival firm. A dispute took place between the two traders, and Pond shot Ross dead."

On this occasion Pond was arrested and brought to Canada for trial. But the authorities at Quebec did not consider that their jurisdiction extended to the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the prisoner was set at liberty. He thereupon returned to Boston, his native city. The peace negotiations were at that time in progress. The commissioners for Great Britain were two honest, well-meaning gentlemen, who, however, knew nothing of the geography of the countries with which they had to deal. The maps at their disposal were wretchedly inadequate. One showed the country as far west as the middle of Lake Ontario. Beyond that point the interior was represented as made up of rocks and swamps, and described as uninhabitable. Such maps gave every advantage to one who was personally acquainted with the west, and the United States commissioners had at their service the expert advice of Peter Pond. Pond was at the elbow of these commissioners. He suggested to them a line passing through the Great Lakes to the northwest corner of the Lake of the Woods, and from thence westward (as he imagined from his own rough surveys) to the head of the Mississippi river. This demand, exorbitant though it was, the British commissioners accepted, and it was confirmed by both nations. Such was the hand (concludes Thompson grimly) that designated the boundary between the Dominions of Great Britain and the territories of the United States.

As Thompson says—Pond was a rascal. Yet this first citizen of Alberta was a man of great courage and of tremendous energy.

HUMOR IN HANSARD

By Donald Walter Thomson.

The parliamentary publication of the Canadian House of Commons Debates, or what is perhaps more widely known as Hansard, has never occupied a prominent position in the eyes of the popular reading public of this country. As a matter of fact, it is so seldom consulted and so rarely perused by Canadians generally (by no means excluding college graduates) that it would scarcely be missed by the public at large were it suddenly to vanish from the shelves of our libraries into oblivion.

Within the pages of this unattractive publication, however, may be discovered, among much that is essentially arid and

political, a great deal that is really delightful and entertaining. In our parliaments the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne is invariably productive of an enormous quantity of irrelevant but occasionally interesting material, allowing, as it does, such wide latitude and broad scope to those who desire to take part in the discussion. The session of 1928, perhaps to a greater extent than any previous one, was featured by frequent quotations of Biblical passages. But the following account of an incident which arose in the House during the course of that debate demonstrates quite clearly the delicate and careful manner with which these passages must be selected and delivered.

When the member for Assiniboia, in the course of his contribution eloquently proclaimed, "For ye have the poor always with you," he unwittingly aroused the indignant ire of the one and only female member, Miss Agnes Macphail, a self-acknowledged humanitarian.

Now the unfairness of attempting to argue that poverty can never be abolished. much less so by any efforts of the government of the day, by thus breaking off in the middle of a quoted sentence, has been frequently exposed. The whole sentence in verse eleven of the 26th chapter of St. Matthew has to be read and the circumstances leading up to the statement must be considered in order that the full significance and meaning of the quoted words may be obtained.

The western member's misquotation reminded Miss Macphail of the preacher who set out to deliver a sermon against adherents of the Baptist faith. He discovered something in Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. The whole sentence is, "Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines." The anti-Baptist preacher's text, according to Miss Macphail, was, "Be not carried about with divers." On this garbled quotation he built up an argument against baptism, much as the member for Assinboia argued that poverty could never be abolished. The honourable member for Southeast Grey concluded her tirade with a selection of apt scriptural passages for the edification of the honourable member for Assinboia, delivered in tones of admonition—

"What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

"He deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right."

"Depart ye unto outer darkness."

During the course of the debate on the budget speech, a prominent Tory, the member for Fort William, fell into the grievous error of quoting ambiguous verse. He was deploring the attitude of complacency on the part of the government towards the aid of Providence in the establishment of greater prosperity in Canada. When the Minister of Railways had gone so far as almost to congratulate Providence on having the Government's co-operation, it reminded him of a rime which he had heard years ago and which had been written by an American admiral regarding the then kaiser. It was entitled, "Me and Gott." The first verse ran—

"The kaiser of this fatherland
And Gott on high all things command.
We two, ach, don't you understand,
Myself and Gott?"

The effects of this striking quotation proved far-reaching. Some days later a back-bencher on the government side uttered the sentiment that he regretted very much that the honourable member for Essex South (Eccles James Gott), was not in his seat when the honourable member for Fort William quoted the lines of "Me and Gott." This innocent remark was the match to the fireworks which kept the entire House of Commons heartily amused for several minutes.

Mr. Gott jumped to his feet in outraged fury and shouted fiercely from his place at the opposite end of the chamber, "What does the honourable gentleman mean to be inferred from that?" The Commons roared. The back-bencher sought to turn away the wrath of the injured gentleman with soft words, but to no avail. Then a heated exchange between these two honourable gentlemen took place involving various observations and comments on the subject of inferences

generally, during which the Speaker, who at that moment happened to be the Honourable Mr. Marcil, presiding in the absence of the Honourable Rodolphe Lemieux, was called upon to give a decision on the point of order raised. Meanwhile the House was convulsed with laughter, every hot retort of the outraged Mr. Gott bringing forth fresh gales of unrestrained hilarity. It was only after the government member's frantic appeal to the Chair that some semblance of order was attained and the gentleman allowed to proceed with his speech. Then the Commons rested its aching sides.

But when Mr. Gott rose to resume the debate shortly afterward he obtained a measure of revenge. "My first remark," said, "in reply to the honourable gentleman, significant though it may be, is the result of the inference which I draw from his words. I tell him that I am not a traitor to tradition and I think his speech this afternoon is his first preparation for hangman's day." With the exception of an observation by the Speaker to the effect that he hoped that remark was not to be taken literally, this sally closed the incident.

One over-zealous member of the Opposition left himself and his party open to attack, when in the course of an unusually destructive speech, he related a little historical incident which occurred about one hundred years ago and which he considered as having some application to the present Canadian government.

"There was a government formed in England," he declared, "which contained many unknown parliamentarians, so many of whom were unfamiliar to the public that one day when the Duke of Wellington was being told by a friend of his in the House of Commons who the members of the new government were, the Duke, being somewhat deaf, did not recognize the names and kept asking, 'Who? who?' That government from that day became known as the 'Who-who government'." At this juncture the Minister of Justice, an acknowledged wit in the House, observed that it was but another "shadow government." Any student of Canadian politics will have little difficulty in appreciating at once the singular cleverness and relevancy of that interjection.

Michael Luchkovitch, B.A., member in the House of Commons for Vegreville constituency in our own province and graduate of the University of Manitoba, was responsible for an outbreak of real merriment one evening in the House during the course of a rather dull portion of the ordinarily uninteresting debate on the budget speech. He was expressing his fervent hope that the Liberal-Progressives, who had so recently allied themselves with the government, were still the evangelists of a low tariff. He urged that they make a practice of what they had preached on the hustings and that they offer up a prayer, a solicitation that their colleagues pursue a more consistent attitude towards the tariff policy on which they were elected. In this connection he told the House about a band of evangelists who were holding a revival some time ago in order to make a sinful world see the errors of its ways and repent. At the conclusion of these meetings it was suggested by one of the brethren that some hats should be passed around among the hard-boiled sinners in order to take up a collection. This was done, but when the hats came back they were found to be full of old nails, buttons and pins but not a red cent. Thereupon one of the brethren remarked, "Let us now thank God." "For what?" inquired another. "Let us thank God we have got our hats back," was the reply.

The member for Vegreville proceeded to point out the close analogy which that story bore to the present state of affairs in the House. "Now," he said, "before our Progressives friends over there (pointing across the floor) pass their hats to their so-called Liberal friends by conviction, let their high priest, the honourable member for Lisgar (who, by the way, is one of the three clergymen at present representing constituencies in the Commons), give them first a sermon, taking as his text, 'Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and seeketh relief and I shall give unto you the protection of my low tariff.'

Let him then go boldly to the Minister of Finance, hat in hand, with one eagle eye on the Minister and the other equally concentrated on the hat, and see to it that the honourable minister puts in that hat, not the old nails of futile promise and adroit circumvention, but the new and shining pennies of a promise fulfilled, of an agreement unbroken, of a tariff policy unsullied, yea, even by a certain element on that side of the House."

This noble effort of the youthful Alberta member, in a very real sense of the term, brought down the House.

"And now," as the Honourable R. B. Bennett, present leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition would say, "one more word and I am done." These isolated occurrences which have just been related, may leave a false impression on the minds of those who read them, namely that the proceedings of the House of Commons of Canada as mainly featured by exhibitions of undue levity. Nothing is further from the truth.

In reality a great deal of the time devoted to the sittings of the House, during which the ordinary business of the country is transacted, is given to serious and thoughtful deliberation and discussion and at all times an atmosphere of grave responsibility and a sense of public duty pervades the House. But as has previously been pointed out, it is also the intention of the writer to show that on occasions the dull routine of parliamentary business and the sombre dignity of that august tribunal, the House of Commons, is relieved by sunshine shafts of merry wit and keen humor, the offerings of those who are drawn from all parts of this Dominion to share in the arduous and difficult task of making history for Canada.

LOUIS-JOSEPH PAPINEAU

By W. B. Herbert.

Human experience presents few things which are more pathetic than the life-story of a truly great patriot, whose endeavors are misunderstood by his contemporaries and under-prized by posterity; but the little-turned pages of history contain scores of these unhappy epics. In the gripping story of the struggle for political freedom by the Canadian people, there is no more colorful character, no more sincere patriot, no more zealous champion, than Louis-Joseph Papineau; yet he was exiled from the land he loved so well, and a century later is known only as a fiery orator and a leader in the Rebellion of 1837.

Poor Papineau! He was an unhappy victim of his own flashing temperament, and of his great heart which loved Canada more than life itself. His story can be readily summarized. His entry into public life was made at a time when politics involved a struggle, not for petty side-issues, but for great and fundamental principles of liberty. Fired with an undying ambition to secure the just rights of England's new French-Canadian subjects, and equipped with a power of eloquence unrivalled in a land of brilliant orators, he became the political idol of Lower Canada. He asked no quarter in his battles, he gave no quarter. Compromise was a term foreign to his disposition, and he became the silver-tongued stormy-petrel of the most stirring days of Canada's constitutional history. Behind him, to the farthest reaches of far-flung Lower Canada, was a population which listened with bated breath to his every utterance. And therein, probaby, lay his downfall. In his heart, he sought peace and serenity for his people. The clash of arms was a negative conception to his mind. But his words stirred men's hearts and roused their feelings to a pitch which even he was unable to restrain. He was overwhelmed by a tidal-wave of popular passion, and, powerless

to interfere, he heard rifles bark, saw French and English fall in his beloved Valley of the Ottawa; was driven from the native land which meant life to him; lost his high repute among his erstwhile followers; was ultimately permitted to return to his Quebec; and finally passed from the scene, an old man, saddened and regretful.

This, in brief, was Papineau. But those of us who are willing to accept such an exclusive valuation of the man are either deliberately unkind or manifestly uninformed. By some, Papineau has been recorded as merely an agitator, a verbose tribune, a violent critic who left after him nothing but the hollow renown of a popular orator. But if we study the man and his work dispassionately, with a mind free of foregone conclusions, and in the clear light of historical truth, his name shines resplendent, a star of the very highest rank in the constellation of Canadian celebrities.

Papineau lived in stirring times. The capitulation of Quebec and Montreal left the new subjects of the British Crown in a condition of agitation and discontent. Exhausted by a long series of disastrous wars, ravaged by the mal-administration of Bigot with his feudal corvées and other unjust exactions, and ruined by repeated crop failures, the Canadians were face to face with new masters who bore them little good-will. Until the Quebec Act, in 1774, shed upon them the first rays of long-deferred justice, they were governed as a conquered people, despite treaties, articles of capitulation and the laws of nations. A series of unseeing English governors added little balm to the situation, and it was not until 1791 that the Constitutional Act placed representative and responsible government even within the grasp of a long-suffering people.

This act separated Upper from Lower Canada, constitutionally, and provided for each section a system of government involving a Governor and Legislative Council by appointment, and a Legislative Assembly by popular election. A struggle immediately developed, to wrest the government of the country from the irresponsible Governor and Council, and confer it upon the Assembly of people's representatives. This was the setting when Louis-Joseph Papineau, fired with love of country and ardour for reform, stepped upon the scene in 1812, as an elected representative in the Assembly.

Sir James Craig, a man trained to a purely military career, was then governor, and he ruled with an iron hand without even the redeeming feature of a velvet glove. The subject of taxation became a bitter dispute between this soldier-governor and his hand-picked council on the one hand, and the Legislative Assembly on the other. Papineau's ringing voice was raised in the Assembly, and in no equivocal terms, in denunciation of the Governor and his Council. A newspaper, "Le Canadien," sponsored by young, liberal Canadians, sprang into being, and Papineau contributed articles glowing with brimstone and sulphur, and thus came into his first violent contact with the Governor. The paper was soon suppressed and its editors thrown into prison. The arbitrary character of the Governor, and the churlishness of the Council with its eagerness to thwart the actions of the Assembly, produced in the latter body a degree of irritation and an exasperated frame of mind that betrayed its members into actions which calm reflection would have made them avoid. With a man like Papineau, intelligent, proud, and conscious of his own latent strength, there could be but one result. Despite all efforts to maintain his self-control under incessant pressure of unremedied abuses, his sense of irritation grew daily stronger, until at length, losing his sense of moderation and proportion, he refused offers of concessions which at the outset were deemed acceptable.

From 1815 to 1820, young Papineau was Speaker of the lower house, and these five years were the only composed ones in his otherwise feverish and colorful career. It was during these years that he made a thorough study of constitutional law, and there was born in him a deep appreciation of the goodness of the principles of the British parliamentary and

constitutional system. Throughout the remainder of his life, he held these principles in high esteem and kept before him their realization in full, for his people of Lower Canada.

In 1821 came Lord Dalhousie, as Governor; a man of distinction and taste and high intellectual culture. Unfortunately, he fell under the malign influence of the coterie which reigned in Chateau St. Louis, and the fine intentions of sympathy and conciliation, which he brought with him from Westminster were replaced by a deep-seated antipathy for the liberal-minded, young French-Canadians with whom he had to deal. Papineau clashed with this new Governor on the first day of the new legislature, when he demanded that the budget be voted item by item, instead of in toto, as had been requested by the Governor. Scores of abuses were evident, and the Assembly, in most definite terms, insisted upon reforms. By this time, Papineau had become the unquestioned leader of the Assembly and of the people. To force the Governor's hand, Papineau led the Assembly to refuse the vote of necessary supplies. The Governor and Council countered by providing for their civil-list from public revenues which they collected and controlled, without reference to the Assembly.

Year after year, this tragedy of errors was repeated. The Governor and Council grew more antagonistic, the Assembly more inflamed, the people more sullen. Storm clouds appeared more dark and ominous, as deep in the hearts of Canadians there burned a hateful fire of resentment. A monster petition, calling for reforms, was circulated, to be laid before the throne, and when the question arose as to who should present the document in London, the same name fell from every lip: "Papineau!" At this date, 1822, Papineau had attained the apex of his power as leader of the liberal party in Lower Canada. His influence held undisputed sway. Not only did the common people look upon him as their champion and leader, but he also enjoyed the unqualified support of the clergy, the merchants and the French aristocracy of his province. Liberal-minded English Canadians residing in Montreal and Quebec also looked upon him as the man of the hour.

In London, Papineau created a most favorable impression. His culture and ease and grace of manner insured him a cordial welcome at Downing Street. His interviews with the ministry had every indication of being successful, and he returned to Canada in high hopes of seeing the long-awaited reforms realized.

The mission was apparently in vain, however, for it was not until eighteen years later that London bestirred itself to grant political justice to Canada. And not then until the dragon of civil war had raised its head, and the blood of patriots stained the white snow of Quebec. The thwarting of his ambitions, the dashing of his hopes, roused Papineau to a passion of rage against the oppressors of the people whose liberties he prized so dearly. His utterances became more violent, more threatening; his counsel less sound. In time, his followers became whipped into a paroxysm of fury, and despite his efforts to restrain the tide, the flood-gates burst open, and the country was involved in the brief, but horrible, Rebellion of 1837. The details of this bloody episode in Canada's history are best left unrepeated. Papineau, broken-hearted, was forced to flee. He retired to France for some years, but was later allowed to return to his dearly beloved Canada, where he spent the remainder of his days in comparative obscurity.

Papineau's career is divisible into two parts, very differently filled, and the errors of one should not be allowed to efface the merits of the other. In 1822, Papineau was a man who embodied and voiced all the aspirations and ideals of the French-Canadian people, at a time when their national existence was in imminent peril. It was in truth the voice of his country which burst forth in his fierce denunciations of the conspiracies hatched against the liberties of his people. From 1820 to 1833, he stood forth the grandest figure of our history. His life was a glory purchased by endless sacrifices. Let us remember him so.

IBSEN

By J. D. Cornwall.

Dramatic circles the world over are talking, playing, thinking "Ibsen." Since the day of the centenary, March 20th last, there has been hardly a periodical that has not made some mention of this master-builder of modern drama. His life has been reviewed, anecdotes rehearsed, attempts made to analyze and interpret his work.

Almost fifty years have passed since *A Doll's House* was written. The world has had time to weigh its judgment; it has ceased to throw mud at its hero and has turned to gilding him. Of the early plays, *The Vikings at Helgeland* is being presented at the Goodman Memorial Theatre, Chicago, with clairlux effects; and his last play, *When We Dead Awaken*, is perhaps to be presented at Piscator's Theatre in Berlin with a conveyor-belt stage, by which scenery comes off and and on while the play is in progress. How Henrik Ibsen himself would have regarded these innovations one can only guess. It is more than probable that he would have pronounced them interesting, but not at all necessary.

Ibsen's dramas are not spectacles; many of them are not primarily theatrical. All the tinselled trappings of the eighteenth century drama Ibsen discarded. I say all: there are certain fundamental conventions of the theatre, bound up with the physical limitations of the stage, which he could not escape. The convention of the absent fourth wall is insurmountable. Again, good stage dialogue can never be the same as every-day speech. Ibsen's dialogue seems extremely natural, but we must realize that no one speaks in a brilliant, condensed, lucid manner in every-day life. These conventions are fundamental.

Ibsen continually fought, and at last overcame, affectation. Affectation is still found in the works of the minor dramatists, but serious, catholic drama has been emancipated. No longer do we have—to use Bernard Shaw's words—"a handsome leading man chasing a beauteous leading lady round the stage with threats, obviously not feasible, of immediate rapine," but "stories of lives, discussion of conduct, unveiling of motives . . . . in short, illumination of life." Ibsen, like the Greeks, "saw life steadily and saw it whole." He was a seer, in the full sense of the term.

We need not rehearse the details of Ibsen's life, interesting as they are. It is necessary, however, to note one phase of his life, in order rightly to understand his work. After six unhappy years at Bergen, the crisis of Ibsen's life, he left Norway and travelled through Europe, chiefly in Italy and Germany. His bitterness at the stupid compromises and half-hearted attitude of his countrymen in the political crisis of 1863 was intense. Its reflection is seen in that powerful poem *Brand*, flung back at his countrymen from Italy. His travels in Berlin, Dresden and Rome gave him a broad outlook on life that perhaps never would have come to him in Christiania. But in spite of his bitterness toward his own country, Ibsen never lost his sense of nationalism. It is this mixture of cosmopolitanism and nationalism, neither in excess, which goes far to make the Ibsen world what it is.

It has been the opinion of many that Ibsen is a moralist, a "dramatist-preacher," whose whole purpose is to foist his social ideas upon the public through the medium of the drama. Such a conception of Ibsen's work appears incorrect to the unprejudiced student. Ibsen, though once an apprentice to an apothecary of Grimstad, never thereafter made sugar-coated pills of any description. His great plays do not "deal with," but rather reveal, those problems which harass society. Ibsen never attempts to recommend a panacea for human failings. He was too interested in the struggle of life

itself. It is enough to quote his own words: "I have been more poet and less social philosopher than people generally seem inclined to think."

There are very few dramatists who never "play to the gallery." Ibsen wrote from the heart, with no eye upon the public and what it thinks it wants. On this account he suffered the worst contumely that any dramatist has had to bear. Critics ransacked their vocabularies for new terms of abuse. But Ibsen's high courage did not waver. He was but confirmed in his ideals. What was harder to bear than the criticism was the repeated attempst to mutilate his plays. When *A Doll's House* was first presented in Germany, in which country Ibsen had no copyright, a "happy ending" was made for the play. In desperation, he wrote an alternative ending himself. He preferred, as he said, "to commit the outrage himself." When *Ghosts* awoke Europe, for once the English genius for compromise failed to follow the German example; the play was banned outright. But today tribute is being laid at the Ibsen shrine.

A real biography of Ibsen has yet to be written; perhaps it never will be. In *Brand* we occasionally catch a glimpse of Ibsen the man—in his best moments he confessed he was Brand—uncompromising, courageous, driven by unattainable ideals, a man whose watchword was "All or Naught." A giant among men he was, with infinite tenderness for humanity gleaming through the stern rigour of his revealed truth.

WALKING AT NIGHT.

By Georgina H. Thomson.

The moon regards me as I pass
And sweeps her light across the grass,
But yonder where the shadows mass,
    Her beams have failed to spy
The little birds with broken wings,
The tiny, fragile, creeping things,
That, wounded by Life's buffetings,
    Have crawled away to die.

I breathe the languid summer air;
A hundred perfumes linger there;
The moon-lit world is very fair—
    But through the close-drawn blinds
Of houses that I pass, I know
That sorrow lurks, and human woe,
And broken bodies stricken low,
    And weary, groping minds.

If I had healing in my hand,
I think I'd wander through the land
And banish pain at my command,
    And heal the bruised reeds.
"God's in his heaven," one has said,
And aching hearts where hope is dead
But little creatures sore bestead,
    May wonder if he heeds.

EDITORIAL

THE PIONEER MOVES ON

FEW public men of Alberta have been so universally esteemed as Dr. Tory. Speakers at the graduation exercises praised highly his twenty years labor in Alberta; and the press and provincial leaders have pointed with respect and admiration to the animated monument by which he will be remembered. It would be nearly trite, therefore, to repeat here a list of his achievements.

But there is an aspect of Dr. Tory's work which should be taken into consideration in any estimate of him. Premier Brownlee touched on it in the Convocation Address when he referred to the fact that it is the spirit of a man which creates a human institution. Each of us has in mind the expression, the gesture, the small incident which endears Dr. Tory to us. But these are things of a private nature. There is a broader aspect of his personality which has expressed itself in the things he has done. Dr. Tory is a pioneer.

A pioneer is anyone who goes ahead to prepare the way. In each of the problems Dr. Tory has attempted he has had to clear his lot and build a road for others to follow. In the erection of the University of Alberta, the figure may be taken literally; Dr. Tory drained a swamp to build a school for scholarship and research. At the end of the war, the pioneer was chosen to organize the Khaki University. When the federal government faced unsolved problems in the economics of Canadian Agriculture,—again the pioneer.

The pioneer treks out beyond. As life catches up with him and brings with it the ease of inaction, the pioneer gathers together his belongings and moves on. Again he clears and digs and builds for settlement, only to move again just as he reaps the first fruits of his labor. So it was hardly to be expected that Dr. Tory would be content when he found himself surrounded by the things he had created. It was not enough to look on his work and find it was good; joy to him is in doing, not in having. He has gone out beyond, therefore, having seen a vision of a new creation.

He is a Chapdelaine in the Canadian world of education and research. The Chapdelaines never go back, always forward into difficulties. One little mannerism of Dr. Tory's illustrates, I think, this rugged determination. When he gives a public address he moves his body firmly on both feet,—not shifting from one foot to another as if embarrassed by his ideas, but rather, moving as if to establish himself firmly, to provide a footing for the launching of that tremendous force of energy that conquers man and nature. In this he seems to exemplify the Canadian type. The men of this type have been called, happily, the Makers of Canada.

RAISING UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS BY THE USE OF CAPACITY TESTS

THE tremendous increase in the number of men and women seeking entrance to universities of this continent is materially changing the conception that opportunities for education should be equal to all people. The problem is given current significance by a recent bulletin from the Columbia University Law School. In New York City the number of law students has increased from 2,705 in 1916, to 10,470 in 1928. The bulletin points out that the latter number certainly includes a large percentage of men who are unfit for the work they are attempting. This unfitness means a large economic loss to the administrative authorities and a loss of time to those who are attempting work they cannot do.

In the University of Alberta a solution of the problem of the unfit is attempted by excluding failures during the first year. In regard to this method the Columbia bulletin remarks: "To permit these men thus to waste a year of their lives is not only unfortunate for them, but their presence in the school seriously interferes with the work of more capable students." It might also be added that exclusion from the university after having begun their studies is likely to induce in students a serious condition of "funk" which may materially hamper their progress in further work they may attempt outside the university.

To cope with the problem, "Columbia University Law School will, beginning with the academic year 1928-29, *limit its student body to a selected group* who are duly qualified to comply with the standards of the school. It is not proposed to change the rule that only college graduates are eligible for admission, but all candidates will be required to take a capacity test in addition to submitting transcripts of their college records. Only those candidates will be admitted who give promise of doing thoroughly efficient work."

The Freshman Committee of the University of Alberta have been using capacity tests for some years in order to help decide as to a student's fitness to continue university work. The capacity tests have received severe criticism from people outside the University, from the students themselves, and peculiarly enough, from some of the members of the faculty of the University. But recent reports by Dr. Lazerte, of the Freshman Committee, who has been administering the tests lately, are of such a convincing nature that doubters are being converted gradually into believers. The testimony of Columbia University adds further weight to the value of capacity tests: "The Law Faculty is convinced, after much study and experimentation, that a man with a poor college record who also makes a low score on a capacity test, is almost certain to fail in a law school." This statement is sufficiently conservative to satisfy the most hardened unbeliever, yet it is backed by such evidence that capacity tests are to be introduced as part of the material for entrance requirements in Columbia University.

If the administrative authorities of the University of Alberta were to use their capacity tests for selection rather than rejection of students, it seems probable that both staff and students would be relieved of considerable worry.

ALUMNI NOTES

"The tumult and the shouting dies" might well have been written the day after Convocation, for the silence of the halls is almost startling. To sit down, pen in hand, is a pleasant change after the last few restless weeks—but that very bustle unfits one for presenting a well-rounded description of happenings since March.

* * *

Undoubtedly the banquet deserves first mention. About three hundred people, representative of widely separated localities and many walks of life, sat down in Athabaska Hall on the evening of May 14th. Graduands in Arts, Law, Science, Medicine and Agriculture, proud fathers and mothers, alumni ancient and modern and members of the staff mingled freely (below the salt), while above it sat His Honour, the Chief Justice, the Minister of Education, the President and their ladies. The Council felt particularly happy in the knowledge that with the generous aid of the Board of Governors, the members of Class '28 attended as guests this year, thereby wiping out the anomalous situation of previous years.

The dominant note of the speakers, apart from Dr. Tory, was that of deep regret at his impending departure to become Chairman of the National Research

Council at Ottawa. In his presidential remarks the toastmaster, Mr. A. E. Ottewell, announced that the scholarship fund already established would be increased as rapidly as possible and would be called the Henry Marshall Tory Foundation. This statement evoked the remark from Dr. Tory that no other memento would have pleased him so much. I wish I could pass on to you the thrill of those golden moments—Jack Marshall on his chair calling for "Varsity" when the President rose, Dr. Tory's evident pleasure in acknowledging our "gift," and the echo of the familiar walls to "He's a jolly good fellow" at the close.

Following the toasts the History Club Players delighted us with "Two Gentlemen of Soho." This clever representation of night club life in London a la Shakespeare brought down the house, and demonstrated the no mean histrionic ability of the cast, all but two of whom were alumni.

* * *

Convocation Day was too warm for comfort, but a crowded hall sat or stood through the long afternoon. President Tory gave a brief but illuminating history of the University instead of the usual statistical report. Premier Brownlee, who delivered the address, was first presented by Dr. Tory for the degree of LL.D. Chief Justice Harvey then proposed the name of Dr. Tory for the same degree. So that although we lose a president we gain a most distinguished alumnus!

About 150 new alumni entered the fold and some 40 who were already members received a second (or third) degree. It was good to see those old war-horses Sid Bainbridge, Stuart Jaffary, Wilf Wees, H. C. Newland, E. L. Whittaker and Donald Currie mounting the platform.

* * *

On May 5th about 23 (!) members gathered in the dining room of the Corona Hotel for the annual meeting. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. B. Harvey in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Ottewell and Mrs. Kane. Reports from the President, the Treasurer and the Business Manager of *The Trail* were presented, showing a healthy credit balance and splendid prospects for the future. As no final financial statement can be presented until after May 31st, it is not deemed advisable to present a detailed interim report at the present time. Election results were next announced as follows:

President: A. B. Harvey, '19.

First Vice-President: Miss Helen McQueen, '26.

Second Vice-President: W. B. Herbert, '23 and '26.

Third Vice-President: K. C. MacKenzie, '27.

Secretary: G. B. Taylor, '23 and '25.

Treasurer: F. J. Newson, '24 and '26.

Mr. Wees, Editor of *The Trail*, made a valiant attempt to explain his editorial policy, but the gods in the shape of a coal-truck just outside the window effectively squashed him. (It would take more noise than twenty trucks could make to prevent Mr. Wees's work from speaking for itself, in the opinion of *this* alumnus.) The meeting discussed possible courses of action in connection with Dr. Tory's departure and supported the suggestion that the scholarship fund be built up as rapidly as possible and, with the President's permission, be given his name.

* * *

Just a word with respect to the amendments to the Constitution recently voted upon. These were both carried (of nearly 300 ballots sent out only 45 were returned!), hence the Council will now hold office from July 1st to June 30th, and a life membership will cost $50.

* * *

Now for a few personal items: In the crowd at the banquet were noticed these out of town alumni: *Walter Herbert*, '23, '26; *Bert Rudd*, '23, '25; *Ken MacKenzie*, '27, and *Sid Bainbridge*, '21, '23, '28, while *E. L. Churchill* would have been there had there been room. Congratulations are being extended to these members of the staff who have been appointed or promoted: *A. E. Ottewell*, '12, '15, becomes Registrar, *J. T. Jones*, '22, '26, becomes Assistant Professor of English, *Alan Galbraith*, '28, becomes an Instructor in Mathematics, *R. D. Sinclair*, '18, becomes an Associate

Professor of Animal Husbandry, *Dr. M. E. Lazerte*, '25, '27, becomes Associate Professor of Psychology, *R. H. Webb*, '21 and '22, becomes Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering, *A. W. Matthews*, '21 and '26, becomes Assistant Professor of Pharmacy and Materia Medica, *L. H. Nichols*, '25, becomes Assistant Professor of Physics, *S. Nielson*, '22 and '24, becomes Assistant Professor of Law, *T. H. Mather*, '22 and '25, becomes Assistant Professor of Soil Research, *A. S. Ward*, '21 and '26, becomes Lecturer in Soils, and *Dr. W. F. Gillespie*, '14 and '21, becomes Lecturer in Clinical Surgery. *Dr. G. B. Sanford*, '20, comes to take charge of the Dominion Laboratory of Plant Pathology, which will be accommodated in the new laboratory soon to be built at the University. It is of interest to note that *Dr. D. F. Pegrum*, '22, '24, is listed as Special Lecturer in History and Political Economy at the 1928 Summer School.

Lester S. Glass, '26, writes from the Sun Buildings, Bristol, England: "At the present time I am just finishing up a two months' stretch in Glasgow, and have visited just about every place of interest on the West Coast of this island as well as the Land of the Shamrock." *Silver Dowding*, '23, '24, is to be congratulated on winning the Travelling Scholarship of the Federation of University Women in Canada. She will study at University College, London, England. *Alex. Cook*, '20, is spending the summer at the University of Chicago; his address is Apt. 1, 1124 East 56th St. *Walter H. Draper*, '13, writes from 43 Atlas Ave., Toronto (10), sending "regards to all my old friends at the U. of A." His progress is reported slow after a recent illness, but it is to be hoped that it will be sure. *A. Valentine Baldwin*, '25, writes to say that he is now to be found at 147 Hyde Park Ave., Hamilton, Ont. *W. A. Deeprose*, '26, sends his ballot from Morrin, Alberta, and *E. R. P. Copeland*, '22, from 7347 25th St. S.E., Calgary. *Dunc. McNeill*, '25, asks that *The Trail* be sent c|o The Law Dept.,

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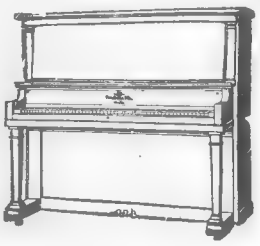

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C.P.R., Montreal. Old-timers will be sorry to hear that the *Rev. D. M. Thomson*, 265 Church Ave., Winnipeg, has been incapacitated for a number of years by a nervous breakdown. *R. T. Hollies*, '20, '21, says: "We are busy getting packed for our long drive to Vancouver (from Los Angeles) . . . we expect to be back in Canada by May 1st. *E. S. McKitrick's* ('20) address is 1443 W 88th Place, Los Angeles." The address on Bob's letter is 824 E 73 St., Los Angeles. Friends of *Mrs. H. Oestrich* (nee Edna Thorp, '19), Manola, Alta., will be sorry to hear of the death of her husband in April of this year. *Dr. J. B. Collip*, D.Sc. '24, M.D. '26, has left for Montreal to take charge of the Department of Biochemistry in McGill University.

L. V. Bell, '25, is with the Sinclair Corporation in South America. His address: c|o Apure-Venezuela Petroleum Corp., Calle del Sol 206, Valencia, Venezuela.

Rev. A. Rehwinkel, '16, '18, '19, is moving to Winfield, Kansas, to take charge of St. John's College there.

C. D. Reid, '23 and '24, of 25A Shaler Lane, Cambridge, Mass, says: "Some of the subscribers to *The Trail* seemed to favor making it more literary. May I be put on record as being opposed to any change of this sort. Most of us use *The Trail* as a means of keeping in touch with acquaintances and not to air the latest scientific progress. There are more than enough journals for this latter purpose. . . . I seem to be the only U. of A. survivor at Harvard. How about some reinforcements!"

Alice Gratz, '26, is a dietitian in New York City. Her address is 130 E 57 St.

Marjorie Sherlock, '26, writes from Devonshire as follows: "An Australian friend and I have been down here for the past month—ostensibly reading Anglo-Saxon, but in reality taking in all the drives and sights of the 'Garden of England.' Term begins on April 27, so after ten days in London we are returning to Oxford—and work." Her address is St. Hugh's College, Oxford.

Clark Gordon, '22, says he is "just plugging along" with the Gillespie Grain

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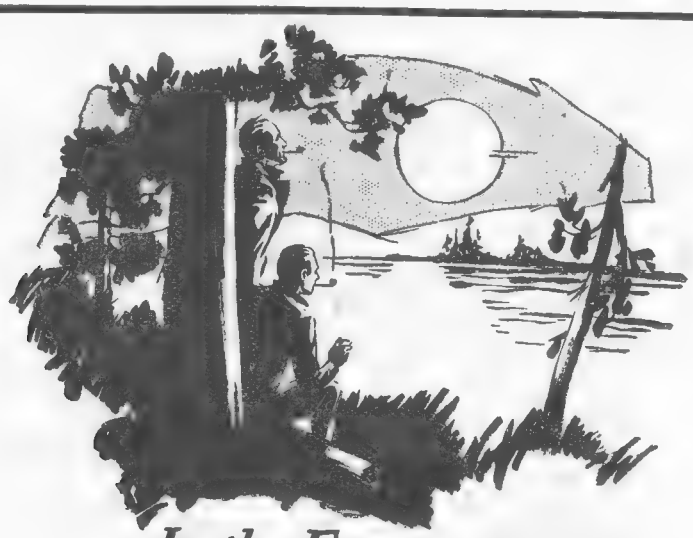
S. C. Ratcliffe, '18, is extremely delighted with his post of Professor of Sociology at Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois. He remarks, "This city of about 30,000 claims to have more of its students studying music than any other community of its size in America. . . . I am to put into the hands of a publisher in June a "Manual in Rural Community Problems" which I developed with a colleague."

Anton J. Bures, '24, has been employed at Regina by the Saskatchewan Co-Operative Wheat Producers for the past year in the Publicity Dept. *Glen McClung*, '25, has also been a member of this department since the beginning of the year. The first-named says: "*Sid Stephens*, '25, is with the Saskatchewan Life Insurance Co. in the Accountancy Department. *Betty Andrews*, '24, has been for some time in charge of the Open Shelf Library in the Parliament Buildings here. My present address is 2105 Rae St."

Dr. J. W. McKinney, '17, writes from 112 Spring St., Berlin, N.H., U.S.A., in part as follows: "I am now employed by the Brown Co. (pulp and paper), and find my work quite interesting. Life here is more agreeable than in the vicinity of New York, so I shall probably stay until



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Save the Valuable "Poker Hands"

the opportunity for returning to Canada comes along. . . . The new editorial policy of *The Trail* seems successful thus far."

The writer has now a great deal more respect for Chinese postal methods than formerly. A letter addressed to *Rev. Palmer Anderson*, Sinyangchow, China, with only a 2c stamp on it (by mistake), was forwarded to Hankow, from there returned to the D.L.P.O. at Ottawa, and thence back to the University bearing attached to its front an apparent laundry ticket and to its back a notice of postage due, 15c paid by some kindly person. One other thing not yet explained was that the front of the letter bore the legend, "The Seminary, Como and Pierce, St. Paul, Minnesota."

Another letter which had an interesting journey was addressed to *Dr. Roger Hibbard*, Betize, British Honduras, and came back eventually marked "Not known. Buy British Goods and get the best."

Miss S. M. G. Duff, '23, now represents an Edmonton legal firm at Barrhead, Alberta.

Mrs. K. M. Roger (nee Irma Raver), '23, says: " . . . 2800 10th St. N.E., Washington, D.C., is our new address, where *The Trail* will be gladly received." *Mrs. L. Coursier* (nee Geraldine Duclos), '23, writes from Wainwright, Alberta: "In many cases *The Trail* is our only link with good old Varsity, and we certainly wouldn't want to lose that connection." *C. E. White*, '27, is on the staff of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., and is stationed at the Kimberley concentrator; his address is Kimberley, B.C. Life is very eventful, at least to *D. R. Michener*, of Arts '20. In the first year and a half he entered a new business partnership, acquired a wife and became the slave of a baby daughter. The firm is Lang & Michener, of 347 Bay St., Toronto, Barristers, etc.; the wife was Norah Willis, a graduate of the University of B.C.; the baby has no affiliations except with the bottle!

Beatrice Buckley, '25, writes most informingly from Milo, Alberta: "I am still teaching high school. *Ethel Cobb*, '26, is teaching at Macleod. *R. J. Brewer*, '26,

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is principal of the Gleichen High School. *Homer*, '24, and *Mrs. Labourveau* (nee Ardis Cain), '22, are living in Lethbridge, but expect to move nearer Edmonton shortly—'nearer to God's country,' as Ardis stated it. *Cedric Edwards*, '23, *Lorne Good*, '22, and *Olive Haw*, '25, are in Lethbridge, the last two teaching school. *Eva Jagoe*, '26, is still teaching at Didsbury, *Grace Atkinson*, '26, and *Pauline Cain*, '22, in the Olds High School. *Flo Moffatt*, '24, can be found at 162 Angell St., Providence, R.I., U.S.A. She is still connected with the John Hayes Library of the Brown University. *Dr. Roy Anderson*, '27, and *Mrs. Anderson* (nee Myrtle Morrow), '25, are living at Smoky Lake, Alberta, where he has charge of the George McDougall Hospital. *Charlie Yauch*, '24, *Rose Clutton*, '26, and *Ken MacKenzie*, '27, are on the staff of the Olds School of Agriculture." Another model alumna!

A. B. Jackson, '23, writes from Chapman Camp, B.C.: "It might be of interest to alumni to learn that *W. L. McDonald*, '23, has taken a prospecting party to Nigeria, Africa, in search for tin ore deposits. He is going as an employee of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co." *C. K. Johns*, '25, of the Division of Bacteriology, Central Exptl. Farm, Ottawa, says: "What spare time our young daughter allows us is mostly spent in pursuit of French, which comes in rather handy down here. Have been lucky in seeing *S. Barnes*, '21, *L. B. Thomson*, '25, *E. C. Stacey*, '25, '27, and *Dr. R. Newton* since the new year. We often wish we could see the old place and the old gang again." *Rev. Roy C. Taylor*, '21, is stationed at Hillcrest, Alberta, in charge of the United Church there. *Lorine A. Torgersen*, '26, is teaching at Kinsella, Alta.

YE SECRETARY.

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CONVOCATION, 1928.

It is with an humble and a contrite heart that the present writer undertakes to collect and render intelligible his impressions of our Eighteenth Annual Convocation. It has been his misfortune not to have seen hitherto a convocation ceremony. The misfortune, however, has its compensation. The whole ceremony appeared so vivid, so impressive that the recollection of it shall remain for many a day.

Such a turmoil of graduands, graduates, professors and spectators! The rustle of innumerable gowns and the fluttering of dainty white dresses, a glimpse of a rose-bud corsage, and a fair, slim, pallid and perspiring youth—"How *does* one carry the hood?"; a hopefully helpful professor doing his best to marshall the array, the last minute arrival—"Oh, my *dear*! I—oh, where do I go?" and finally the procession was under way.

The scoffer who remains to pray is all too often an airy fiction. Your present writer must confess that he was touched with a certain uneasiness before the ceremony. He feared, it is true, that he might soon be tempted to quote Faulconbridge:

> Zounds, I was never so bethumped with words
> Since first I called my brother's father dad.

Scoffers before him have fulminated against the "hokum and bunk" which, they say, undergraduates are too often forced to endure from well-meaning aphoristically-minded gentlemen. Need I say that he must be an incorrigible scoffer indeed who would lift his voice in criticism of the recent Convocation.

The circumstances were unusual. The ceremony concluded Dr. Tory's twentieth year of office as president of the University. The story of the growth of the University since its inception in 1908 is too well-known to need repetition here. The outstanding facts of Dr. Tory's administration for the past two decades are almost as well known. What is too often forgotten is the influence which the character of one man, a character of sincerity,

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integrity and strength, may have in the moulding of a new university. We who seem to lack all but the merest beginning of a "tradition" may be truly thankful that such beginning has been colored—nay, created—by such a man.

After the invocation by Rev. Brother Rogatian, President Tory rose to deliver the Annual Report. It took the form of a cursory review of the whole life of the University. He spoke of the three periods, the periods of organization, the world war and the present expansion. He spoke of the early problems which confronted himself and his few early co-workers. A fixed standard of matriculation had to be found and enforced, a properly trained staff, cosmopolitan in its nature, had to be assembled, assurance of freedom from political control was imperative. Solution has been found for all these, and many other problems. The University of Alberta was not allowed to become a small provincial college, only one degree removed from high school, but has grown into an institution well worthy of its place among the great standard universities of this continent. It is noteworthy, as Dr. Tory pointed out, that although new, and in a sparsely settled country, the University of Alberta operates on less per capita than any other university in America. Dr. Tory made only casual mention of his work with the Khaki University movement, in connection with which he gave so much of his time and energy. After the war very rapid progress has been made in expansion of all departments. The research departments of the University are becoming more widely known every year. This has been Dr. Tory's special field of endeavour.

Following Dr. Tory's address came the presentation of prizes and diplomas, amid much suppressed excitement among the candidates of the gentler sex. There was nothing of "inexplicable dumb-show and noise" about the admission ceremony;

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rather, to the unsophisticated observer, something peculiarly fitting to see the candidates kneel for admission. The achievement of a university degree is no small matter, yet having achieved, the final gesture is one of humility. They, the graduates, are not dismissed, but admitted to the academic fellowship. Such words and gestures may be only forms and symbols, yet there is a wealth of meaning in them for those who can and will see. They tempt one to misquote the old Latin dictum: "Nos vivaturi salutamus."

The Honourable Mr. Brownlee delivered the Convocation address. His message was direct and to the point, and delivered with vigour and sincerity. Gleanings from his own college and post-graduate days, illuminated by long experience in public life, constituted the first part of his address. He passed on to speak of the two-fold relation of student and state; the advantages received by the student, and his obligations in return to the state. One of the student's first duties is to make of himself a good citizent. When the individual parts are sound, the whole is bound to be likewise. Scholarship must not be lifeless, but productive; truth in all its phases must be the ideal of the scholar; the principles of integrity, sincerity and honesty must be ever in his mind.

Upon the close of his address there was conferred upon Mr. Brownlee the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa.*

One picture will remain vivid in the mind of the writer long after the rest has faded. It is that of three gray-haired, long-robed gentlemen standing before the assembly of professors, graduates and spectators, in a fine fellowship of academic achievement, while on one of their number, Dr. Henry Marshall Tory, was conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Chief Justice Harvey spoke warmly and with deep personal conviction of the work of Dr. Tory during the past twenty years. As the retiring president shook hands with Chancellor Rutherford and crossed the stage to add his signature to those of the Honourary Doctors, students, staff and spectators applauded at length this final gesture of goodwill, withal a remarkable experience, the memory of which I would "not willingly let die."

J. D. CORNWALL, '28.

Marriages, Births and Obituary

MARRIAGES

(Notices of Marriages, Births and Obituary Notices should be sent to Greta Simpson, University of Alberta, Edmonton.)

FLACK—OLDHAM—At Atchison, Kansas, on May 24, 1928, Zelma Ione, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Oldham, to Charles Ruthven Flack, B.A. '24. Mr. and Mrs. Flack have made their home at 524 Division Street, Atchison, Kansas.

BRINE—GOLD—At Edmonton, Alberta, on June 6, 1928, Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gold, to Charles Alexander Brine, of Edmonton.

ROSENTHAL—LAFLECHE—At Edmonton, on May 11, 1928, Helen (LL.B. '28), only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. LaFleche, to Raymond Rosenthal, of Regina.

CRAWFORD—ROBERTS — Saturday, May 19, 1928, Margaret Myfanwy Roberts, B.A. '27, Stettler, to Hugh Wilfred Crawford, B.A., Medicine Hat.

GENTLEMAN — JAMIESON — At Rodono Farm, Alix, on March 21, 1928, by Rev. D. E. Cameron, Librarian of the University of Alberta, Dorothy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Jamieson, to Wm. Donald ("Bill") Gentleman (Ag. '25).

BIRTHS

ASPLUND—Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Asplund (B.S.A. '26), a son, Russel Owen, on May 5, 1928.

TEMPLETON — To Mr. and Mrs. John Templeton (née Helen Roscoe '22), a son, William Roscoe, at the Royal Alex. Hospital, on April 10, 1928.

OBITUARY

BECK—In Providence Hospital, Seattle, on Monday, May 14, 1928, Hon. N. D. Beck.

PEMBINA HALL LIBRARY

For many years the students in Pembina Hall have dreamed of a library of their own. Last fall the dream was fulfilled. One of the meetings of the Women's University Club of Edmonton was held in Pembina Hall and took the form of a book shower. About one hundred books were donated by members of the Women's University Club and of the Blue Stocking Club.

Early this year the Women's University Club, hoping to interest more students in the Library, and to stimulate the growth of talent, offered a prize of $25.00 for the best design submitted by a woman student of the University for a book plate for the Pembina Hall Library. This competition was won by Miss Marion Massie, a junior, in the University. Miss Massie is taking architecture and her work shows much promise.

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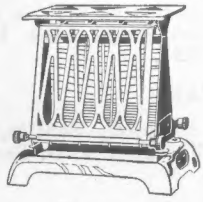

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